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Kent News.

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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aug4-y.

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Persons wanting anything in my line of business will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock.

Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours, respectfully,

je21-tf. W. REGISTER.

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WILL offer to the trade at unprecedented low prices 100 pairs white and gray BLANKETS. These goods are from the recent large auction sales in New York. That these goods are of merit, I simply ask an examination.

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A Rose Mystery.

I.

Fain would I hear, if any wisdom shows,
Where dwells the spirit of last summer's rose;
Amid these frosts and snows,
It now doth seem
The wildest dream—
To think of summer's rose!

II.

Where is last summer's rose? I'll answer thee,
If all thy cunning can resolve for me
Where is the rose to be?
It now doth seem
The wildest dream—
That summer's rose shall be!

III.

May there not be some heavenly place unknown,
Where with the rose last summer bloomed and flown,
Abides the rose unblown?—
Nay, this doth seem
The wildest dream
'Neath dreamer's eyelids blown!

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look serious this evening, Henry," said Mrs. Trueman, in a voice of tender interest, as she came up and stood by her husband, laying her hand upon him as she spoke.

"Do I?" he replied, half evasively, and with a smile meant to be an indifferent one. But Edith knew her husband's face too well to be deceived in its expression.

"You certainly do," she said; "and more than that, I don't think you have been as cheerful as you are usually, for several days."

Trueman's eyes fell to the floor, and he remained silent. He continued so only for a short time; then he looked up steadily into his wife's face, and said:

"Edith, I do feel serious, and have felt so for several days. Our family is large. Five children to provide for and to educate, taxes me heavily. Business is dull; for the last three weeks I haven't cleared the rent of my store. If there is not some change for the better, I do not see what will be the consequence."

"It is a dull season," Edith remarked.

"True."

"Are any of your neighbors much better?"

"Very few, I believe."

"Of course business will revive again."

"Yes."

"Then why feel dispirited, Henry?"

"I can't help it, somehow or other. The fact is, I don't seem to be getting along in the world. It has been hand to mouth, as they say, ever since we were married."

"And the hand has always had a full supply for the mouth," was the smiling reply.

"I know it; but suppose I were to be taken down sick—suppose anything should happen to me — the family could not possibly hold together very long."

"But you are not sick; nothing has happened to you yet. Why take trouble on interest? Have you forgotten to put your trust in Him who feedeth the ravens?"

"I forget him too often, Edith," Trueman replied, looking into his wife's face steadily. "Thankful am I that He has given me one who can recall my thoughts back to their stay in trouble. He will not forsake us—I know that He will not, even though we are called upon to pass through the fire; but weak nature shrinks away; it fears to encounter every purifying ordeal, even while conscious that it is for good."

"Why anticipate at this particular time any new ordeal?"

"A dark cloud gathering in the sky portends a storm."

"Many, very many; and from some have fallen upon us fierce tempests."

"Many a cloud comes up from the horizon with threatening aspect, in whose bosom no lightning lies concealed, from which descends no rain. Have not many such clouds swept harmlessly over our sky—purifying our atmosphere, and giving us on the morrow a brighter sun?"

"Yet sometimes marking their way with desolation. Our hearts bear some scars."

Edith was silent. Life had not been to them all sunshine; it had not passed on smoothly as a boat upon a summer sea. Her own duties had been arduous, and her trials severe. She had borne eight children, and three of them slept in the grave. These afflictions were to her very grievous, for she loved her children; it was touching the very apple of her eye to touch them. But in each dark night of sorrow her glance had been steadily upward. She had suffered and she had likewise been blessed—doubly blessed, it sometimes seemed to her. Her voice was slightly tremulous, as after a long pause she said:

"They are deep scars, Henry; but can either of us now say, from the heart, as we look back upon life, that we would rather not have been wounded as we were?"

It was some moments before Trueman replied; his eyes were turned inward during the time. At length, speaking with a sudden warmth of manner, he said:

"No, Edith, no! I do not regret a single care nor sorrow that is past. All have been for our good. We are really happier in consequence of them."

"And will be, in consequence of all that may come."

"Yes, I believe it."

"Then let us not be troubled in our minds. Let us not distrust His goodness whose love is unbounded. He will bring all out right in the end."

Just at that moment the keys of a piano in an adjoining room were touched lightly and skillfully. Then a soft, sweet voice sung Mrs. Hemans' beautiful "Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasants:"

"Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done"

It was the voice of their own child that warbled low and distinctly the sweet air and soothing words of this song—their Edith — now just at the tender age of fourteen. She was more beautiful than her mother had been, whose virtues were reproduced in her child, with added lustre. Toward her parents she had ever exhibited the most devoted love. Gentle, wise above her years, discreet and firm, she had truly been as elder sister to her younger brothers and sisters, all of whom loved her, and were ever willing to submit to her their little difficulties, and abide her arbitration. To tell how much her father loved her would be impossible. She was his idol. No sound was to him as sweet as the sound of her voice, singing some simple ballad, or lingering on some soothing air.

Like oil poured upon troubled waters were words, voice and melody to his feelings. He listened with rapt attention to every word, every peculiar grace in the air, every variation of affection in her voice. When the last sound died upon his ear, he looked up, and smiling in the face of his wife, said:

"Did you ever hear anything sweeter than that? It was the very soul of music that breathed from her lips."

"It is very sweet," returned the mother. "Edith is a treasure that cannot be valued. If ever parents were blessed in a child, we are blessed in her."

The door opened and Edith entered. She was tall, slender and graceful, yet simple in her manner. She walked up to where her mother stood, with her hand still resting upon her husband, and, crowding in between them and the window, half reclined against her father, with an air of childlike affection. Trueman laid his hand fondly upon her head, and gently smoothed her hair, at the same time that he pressed his lips to her cheek.

No word was spoken for many minutes. The group remained as motionless during the time as if under the eye of a painter; but each heart was beating high with pure and happy feelings. From the father's mind all anxious care had fled. He loved his family. Each member had a place in his heart, and that place was kept sacred.

"You sung that evening song just at the right moment, Edith." This was said by her father, after she had stood by his side for several minutes. "You knew I was sitting here?"

"Yes."

"And sung for me my favorite air?"

"Yes; it was for your ears, father."

"Thank you, dear. My mind was not as calm as usual; but that song, and your voice, have tranquilized my spirits. I am Saul, and you are to me as David."

"No, no, father; I cannot admit that comparision to be true." Edith replied, taking hold of his hand and gently pressing it. The twilight had deepened into obscurity, and hidden each face from the other's eyes. "You are not Saul, possessed of an evil spirit. Oh, no, no!"

"Distrust of Providence is an evil spirit, my child."

"But you cannot distrust a kind Providence. My father knows who it is that governs all things in wisdom." This was said with something of a surprise, that her father, who had so carefully taught her to believe in the unfailing wisdom and goodness of God, should himself feel distrust.

"It is not always, my child," he replied, "that we can keep, while subjected to the world's trials and disappointments, our minds evenly balanced, our confidence unwavering. But He who sees, loves and pities us, ever provides antidotes for these states. We are not suffered to remain long under the cloud. To me your voice alone, as you sung some favorite song, has many a time dispelled the gloom that has settled on my mind—has chased away the evil spirit."

"How glad I am that the voice given me is pleasant to my father's ear. But hark! little Charley is crying; I must run and see what ails him."

And away she sprang from the room. The sound of little Charley's voice—he was the youngest child — had suddenly risen from a chamber above. It was still almost in a moment after Edith's step was heard at the door of the room. Her father's troubled spirit was not the only one that grew tranquil under the sound of her voice. There was not one in the house who did not feel its magical influence.

"If we had no other blessing, we would still be richly dowered," the father remarked, as soon as the voice of little Charley was hushed.

"Yes; but we have, beside her, many good things. If ever disposed to repine or murmur, we are much to blame."

"To that I freely assent. But, sometimes, Edith, weak, ignorant, short-sighted human nature cannot see beyond a very narrow circle. We look ahead, and our pathway bends suddenly out of sight. There is a high mountain before us, with black clouds mantling its summit. Is it any wonder that sometimes the heart will fail?"

"Perhaps not," was replied. "But let us not fix our minds too steadily upon the mountain barrier and its mysterious threatening clouds, but think that many quiet paths have opened to us, and wound pleasantly along by cooling stream and smiling meadow, when we had trembled at the sight of a sudden acclivity, and shrunk from attempting the ascent. 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' While that blessed promise remains, what have we to fear? Nothing, certainly, that this world can threaten. If we have to climb a steep ascent, strength to do so will be given; if to pass thro' a dark, gloomy valley, a light from some star will fall upon our path, and show us clearly the way in which it is safe to tread."

Rio Grande Politics.

On election day a gentleman at Laredo, on the Rio Grande, observed a large number of Mexicans in the town.

"Where do all these Mexicans come from?" asked the stranger.

"From the other side of the river," replied a candidate.

"What are they going to do over here?"

"Oh, they are going to be voted."

"What for?"

"For a dollar apiece."

"Why, that's outrageous!"

"Yes, it is too high, but what can we do about it? Our opponents, the reformers, have run up the prices on us. Before the reform party was organized we could get all the votes we needed, delivered at the polls, for fifty cents a head, but now the lowest price is a dollar a head, spot cash. I tell you, it takes money to be elected to office on the Rio Grande."

Didn't Keep It.

"Well, Mr. Slickers," said the doctor, to a patient he had not seen the day before, "how are you getting along?"

"Nearly starved to death."

"Why, didn't you have oysters?"

"No, I couldn't get them the way you said, and I was afraid it would be dangerous to eat them any other way."

"Why that's odd. Couldn't get stewed oysters? I told you you could eat stewed oysters with impunity."

"That's just it. I could get the stewed oysters easy enough, but I sent to all the restaurants in the neighborhood for the impunity, and the blazed fools said they never had such a thing on the bill of fare."

"A Capital Scheme."

"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend asked of a merchant.

"When they stay too long the office boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-room waiting to see me on important business."

"Ha! Ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know——"

Just then the boy opened the door and sang out:

"Gent in the counting-room waitin' to see you on important business."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE MAJOR'S DISCOMFITURE.

Sixty-five is not so very old. No, indeed!

If one is still straight, with a serviceable eye and tolerable hearing, in addition to a well-filled pocket-book, what is sixty-five?

To count sixty-five district summers, and sixty-five mellow autumns, that drowse into peaceful winters and awaken in refreshing springs, is a great privilege Think of the accumulation of ideas and experiences, of friends and memories. A rare age, surely, to be enjoyed in spite of the rheumatic twinges.

Major Weatherton, buttoning his elegant fall overcoat about him as he strode down the avenue under the maples, was sure he would not give his ripe perfection for the callow and tasteless experience of the past. He smiled up at the bright foliage, and knocked the head off a straggling aster in his complacency. He found a dime for a little boy peeping, wide-eyed, in to a candy-shop, and stood still to watch the urchin as he bolted for the door, and nodded in good fellowship to a woman who watched with him amused. The major's little terrier followed, for once, quite unrebuked, and turned with him up a broad macadamized street at the right. The firm stride traversed two blocks quickly, and paused before a brown stone mansion, with a pine-dotted lawn in front. One naturally puffs a little at the end of a long walk, whether one is sixty-five or not, and if by nature discreet, pauses awhile to regain the breath before venturing to call on ladies. Any tidy man will dust his clothes a little with his hand kerchief, and twist his moustache a trifle when he wishes to look well. The major presses the bell before the stately door, and stands erect. A little pause follows, in which he listens to the wind running the gamut of eifin melody in those grouped pines; then the heavy doors unfold; a salute no younger man could imitate; an inquiry, and closed doors again, with the major inside. The mansion is divided in quarters by two huge halls, and a wide fireplace gives forth a glorious radiation of heat and light over the statues and frescoed walls. The major seats himself before the blaze, and counts the tiles and deciphers the inscriptions about the mantel. There is a rustle of silk skirts, and a tap of feet on the oak stairs. The major rises, with a sudden rush of blood to the head—not apoplectic, surely—and salutes the red figure through the balustrade.

He handed the lady down the last steps, and led her across the hall, while a green parrot hopped at her heels.

"Miss Margery"—his voice was like a violoncello—"it is not usual for a business man like myself to call on a lady of an afternoon."

"Therefore, sir, is the honor all the greater;" poising one toe on the fender to aid her balance in the high-seated leather chair.

"Therefore is the need great my dear young lady!"

"Oh! ha! ha! ha!" in musical staccato from the high-back chair. At sixty-five one is too dignified to like such a laugh in connection with one's self.

"Yes, Miss Wheatcroft, I felt I could not, in justice to you or myself, remain longer without confessing to you my attitude towards you."

"Oh, how kind of you," very sincerely. "I looked for you all day yesterday, sir"—a little hurriedly, with the red deepening about the dimples.

The major's head gave an involuntary jerk. Girls were, once, more decorous. His deceased Julia Ann would never have shown such impulsiveness. Yet it must be confessed 'twas extremely flattering; and then, good heaven, what eyes! The apoplectic symptoms returned.

"Miss Margery, how gracious of you to say so. I'm sure I never hoped——"

"Yes, and I was making all sorts of plans for us two. Poll, come down! Major, she's trying to pull your hair! Look out, sir; she'll scratch you! Here, give her to me! There Miss Poll, you sit on my chair. You can't pull my hair, because I don't reach up high enough—ha! ha! ha!—eh, Major?" her teeth gleaming out in the glow from the cedar fire. "Yes, I was thinking, you see, how proud I should be of you. You are so tall, and—now, don't mind, for I'm going to flatter you all the rest of your days—and so handsome! And how proud I hoped you would be of me!" (A half-rising attitude on the part of the major, who is forgetting decorum, and how girls were forty years ago.)

"Oh, major, you are finding the blaze too hot. How stupid of me to let you roast in that manner. Here, let me put up the screen. Isn't it a pretty one? I embroidered it myself. See, it represents an Italian princess under an ilex tree. I think she looks a trifle like your son Ned, only, of course, he's not done in Kensington. Well, I was planning that once in awhile, on very grand occasions, you might take me out with you——"

"*Once in awhile, madam?*" The major was a vast substantial protest.

"Oh, I know, of course, what you think you have to say. But don't do it. Besides, we couldn't leave Ned behind very often." A lurking laugh in the corner of two brown eyes. "Or he might go with Aunt Maria, eh? Oh—o—o!"

The major couldn't see anything funny in that common-place arrangement.

"My dear Miss Margery"—(Confound these chairs!" A man couldn't move them an inch without getting red in the face, they were so heavy,)—"you are surely determined to defraud me of my share of the conversation, though I cannot tell you how relieved I am to find you prepared to receive my overtures. I confess there were moments when I feared you might be less fond of me on account of the disparity of our ages——"

"Why goodness, it wouldn't seem half so lovely any other way! That's just the nicest part of it!" How that presumptuous firelight clambered up from her little feet to the dimples in her hands and the cozy folds about her neck, and, climbing still, stopped at her rosier lips! Her last sentence, and the firelight stopping right there, where it did, made the major gasp.

"This is one of the most delightful surprises of my life," he went on, when he could speak. "I want to tell you how fondly I shall cherish you; how earnestly I shall strive to gratify each wish that you can make; how truly proud I shall be of my beautiful young——"

"Oh, stop! You praise me more than I can ever deserve." Two limpid tears showed through the gathering gloom. "I never dared hope you would receive me so tenderly. I am a-coming right over there, sir—and right behind your chair—so—on my tip-toes, and—put one—little kiss—like *that*!—on your dear old forehead."

The major grew more agile than he had been for twenty years. Meanwhile Poll had got to screaming, "Lord! lord! lord! lord!" and would not leave off.

"Oh, yes, I'm so thankful you like me! And we'll all be so happy together, won't we? And we both are grateful, I assure you. Here's the ring he gave me. See! Two beautiful pearls and that twinkling diamond. Doesn't it look charming in the firelight? Ned said—don't think me silly for telling you—that if you were satisfied with the little wife he had chosen he believed he would go half mad with joy. But really I didn't think he'd tell you so soon for he felt a little timid about it." A long pause, during which the major relaxes his fatherly embrace somewhat. Then a venture from the girl: "I'm afraid I've talked too freely with you! Or, perhaps you feel sad when you remember Ned is going to belong to me?" The head bows so low that the light climbs to that now. "But we'll live somewhere near you, and see you every day. Why, must you be going? Can't you stay to tea. Well, button up your coat well. Now please give your new child one more kiss to tell her that you mean all you have said. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Lord! lord! lord! lord! lord!"

How that bird screams. The wind had risen very fast, and the pines strike at each other angrily. There is a promise of dismal rain, and the dock hides all of the autumn's beauty, and leaves only its leaflessness apparent.

A HUSBAND'S TRICK.

"You see Martha got in the habit of sitting up for me at an early age, and she can't break it off. I couldn't persuade her to go to bed and mind her own business, so I studied on the matter. We live in one of the centre houses of a block of five-story-and-attic buildings. There's scuttles in the roofs of all of them, and I persuaded Mr. Greenup, who lives in the adjoining house, to let me in his house about 1 o'clock last night, and I went up through his scuttle and over to mine, and so down into our bedroom. I could see Martha from the head of the stairs, sitting in the front room eyeing the clock with a look that was a very tart chromo.—But I undressed and quietly got in bed, and there I lay waiting developments. Every now and then I'd hear Martha give a short, fidgetty cough. Then I'd hear her get up and prance around the room a little, and by and by go to the front windows and slam the shutters.

After I'd lain there about an hour I heard her get up and go stand out on the front steps for a good five minutes. Then she came in and slammed the door and locked it and commenced coming up stairs. Every other step she'd say: 'Oh, the wretch won't I give it him! I know where he is! I know where he is! He needn't think to deceive me!' 'Bout the time she had nearly got to the landing I think she must have seen the light streaming out of the door I'd left open. I could hear her stop, and then I commenced to snore. I was afraid to look, you know, but I could hear her cautiously come up to the door and look in. Well, sir, I'd have given my pension from the war of 1776 to have seen her about the time she saw it was me. I'll bet it was fun. But I was afraid to do anything but snore. Then she came into the room, and, by the way she breathed and stood around. I had to nearly bite my tongue off me to keep a straight face on me. I could feel that she sat down in a chair and was dumbfounded. I never let on but kept on snoring like thunder; but when she kicked over a chair I turned and pretended to wake up, kind of dazed like, and says:

"Why, Martha, dear, sin't you come to bed yet?"

"'Jarphly,' said she, awful slow and solemn like, 'when did you come in?'

"'Why, must be four or five hours ago. Don't you remember when I told you not to go to sleep again in the rocker, but to come to bed?' and I turned over and professed to go to sleep again.'

"She never made any reply, but acted in a dazed, bewildered sort of way, and when she got to bed I could tell she didnt sleep a wink for three hours.

"This morning it was fun to watch Martha. I could hardly keep a straight face. At the breakfast-table, and all the time I was about the house, she'd eye me when she thought I wasn't looking; then, when I'd notice her, she'd turn away and be awfully busy at something. She caught me kind of grinning once, and, by George, I thought the explosion was about to come. But it didn't, though the look of blank, unfathomable suspicion she wore on her face all the time was the greatest show on earth. It nearly broke me up, and I've laughed till my ribs ache ever since. I know it won't last. I know there's a day of repenting a coming, and the thermometer is going up clear out of sight in the Jarphly family. But who's going after trouble? It'll come soon enough without hunting it, and I'm going to enjoy that scuttle in the roof until the explosion comes."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

The telephone girl had been asleep for a long time, when somebody called. Looking at the switch board she saw that No. 1111 was down, and leisurely raising the phone to her ear, she softly replied:

"Hello, Doldoodle!"

"Hello, ducky," he replied, and she made faces at the key board a long time before she paid any more attention to him, then said:

"Oh, you bald-headed old sinner, what do you want?"

"Dr. Highflyer. No. 2222."

"Hello?"

"Hello, Highflyer! My wife is not very well tonight. She has a severe pain in the back of the neck, and complains of a sort of goneness in the abdomen."

"Got malarial cholic, I guess."

"I think so. What shall I do to relieve her?"

Here the mischievous girl switched on a machinist who was telling the owner of a saw-mill what he thought ailed his boiler, and the answer to Doldoodle's question was as follows:

"I think she is covered with scales inside, about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it on the fire-plug and wash her out. I wouldn't be surprised if she is half full of mud, besides the scales. When you get through, fill her up with cold water and build a fire under her, and if she don't get hot enough to steam well in half an hour, I'll eat her."

It is now reported that Dr. Highflyer's professions of temperance are a delusion and a snare, and that he gets awful drunk and nobody patronizes him any more; and he has had No. 2222 taken out of his house, because he is no longer able to pay rent for it.

He (solemnly)—"You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julia." She—"Mercy, what do you mean?" He—"Well, you see I had a dream about you. I thought I was just about to kiss you, when the Chinaman rapped at the door and I woke up." She (after a pouse)—"The Chinese must go."

"Ella, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled He would have done it himself." "So he did, auntie, when I was a baby, but He thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

THE FIRST TRAIN.

The Delaware Division of the B. & O. on the line of the Phila. Extension Completed—In Three States at Once on a Three Foot Stone —The Great Bridge.

The running of the first regular train over the Delaware Division of the Baltimore and Ohio's extension to Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week, attracted a good deal of attention in that State. The train started from Wilmington and was run to the State line of Maryland, thence back to the State line of Pennsylvania, a distance of thirty-two miles. The party on board consisted of Chief Engineer Col. H. T. Douglas; Division Engineers B. Frank Richardson, Capt. W. H. Smith; Superintendents Daniel Conner, Colin McLean; Counsel Levi C. Bird; Directors William M. Canby and Wm. Canby, of Wilmington; C. Ridgely Goodwin, of Baltimore, L. D. Whitaker and W. B. Carswell, of the chief engineer's office, and a number of others.

The Maryland line is about two miles south of Newark, and the tracks run across the sharp angle of Pennsylvania which extends down between Delaware and Maryland at a point where it is five feet wide. After the train stopped over the Mayland line most of the persons on board alighted and picked their way 250 feet through the mud and water to the point in the woods where the three States meet. The spot is indicated first by a long stone just above the surface, which marks Mason and Dixon's line. Beside it is planted a triangular stone, with the initials of Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania cut on the various sides. On the west side is the following inscription; "Erected by H. G. S. Key, Md.; J. P. Eyre, Pa.; G. R. Riddle, Del., Commissioners, 1849." Some of the visitors mounted the stone, in order to say they had sat in three States at one time; others placed their thumbs on the apex of the stone in order to say that they had their thumbs in the three States at one time, while others still stood in the narrow strip of Pennsylvania, and extended one hand into Maryland and the other into Delaware. The stone is about three feet high, and the three sides each about fourteen inches wide. It is called a prismatic stone.

The charter from the State of Delaware granting the company the right of way provided that the road should be in running order by January 1, 1885, and the officers in charge have accomplished much in overcoming many obstacles and in getting the road ready in time. The bridge over the Brandywine is 108 feet high and 900 feet long, and the beautiful views obtained from it and the vicinity will be very attractive to travelers.

Col. H. T. Douglass, the chief engineer, was a distinguished officer in the Confederate engineering service, and after the war built the railroad from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and received high praise for that and other work done in Mexico. He says that the Brandywine bluestone are the best they have on the line of the B. & O. Railroad and its branches. He takes pride in the solid masonry on the road, and says that it cannot be excelled, and that the samples shown to the party are not superior to the work being done on other parts of the line. Two of the piers of the long Susquehanna bridge have been completed, and all are above the surface of the water. They are to be completed by about April 1, when the iron superstructure will be placed in position by means of false work erected on scows, which, with their superstructure, will be towed from span to span. The linear feet of iron bridges on the Delaware Division will be about 2,000 feet, that over the Brandywine being the longest. Twenty overhead bridges are arranged for in Delaware and Maryland. Eleven of them are to be in Delaware. Four have already been completed north of the Brandywine, and three to the southward. Four are yet to be erected.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

The great Susquehanna Bridge when completed will cost $1,500,000, one-half for the substructure and the other for the superstructure. A member of the Chicago firm engaged in the caisson work, says: "Our work ended when we got the piers above water surface. We began work on May 2 last. The Keystone Bridge Company, of Pittsburg, have the contract for building the superstructure of the bridge. I don't think they will begin work before spring. Our work, considering the magnitude of the undertaking, has been, I think, more rapidly completed than any work of the kind ever performed in this country. We sank five pneumatic caissons similar to those of the East-river bridge within a year. The bridge, when completed, will be about as near perfect as it is possible for a bridge to be. All the piers rest on bed-rock. The old Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad bridge is built on piles."

EXPENSIVE METALS.

Following are the names of those metals valued at over $1,000 an avoirdupois pound, the figures given representing the value per pound:

Vanadium.—A white metal discovered in 1830, $10,000.

Rubidium.—An alkaline metal, so called for exhibiting dark red lines in the spectrum analysis, $9,070.

Zirconium.—A metal obtained from the minerals zircon and hyacinth in the form of a black powder, $7,200.

Lithium.—An alkaline metal; the lightest metal known, $7,000.

Glucinum.—A metal in the form of a grayish black powder, $5,400.

Calcium.—The metallic base of lime, $4,500.

Strontium.—A malleable metal of a yellowish color, $4,300.

Terbium.—Obtained from the mineral gadolinite, found in Sweden, $4,080.

Yttrium.—Discovered in 1828, is of a grayish black color, and its lustre perfectly metallic, $4,080.

Erbium.—A metal found associated with yttrium, $4,400.

Cerium.—A metal of high specific gravity, a grayish white color, and of a lamellar texture, $8,400.

Didymium.—A metal found associated with cerium, $3,450.

Ruthenium.—Of a gray color, very hard and brittle, extracted from the ores of platinum, $2,400.

Rhodium.—Of a white color and metallic lustre, and extremely hard and brittle. It requires the strongest heat that can be produced by a wind furnace for its fusion, $2,300.

Niobium.—Previously named columbium, first discovered in an ore found at New London, Conn., $2,300.

Barium.—The metallic base of baryta, $1,800.

Palladium.—A metal discovered in 1803, and found in very small grains, of a steel gray color and fibrous structure, $1,400.

Osmium.—A brittle, gray colored metal, found with platinum, $1,400.

Iridium.—Found native as an alloy with osmium in lead gray scales, and is the heaviest of known substances, $1,000.